

Pete Felt Like Peary at the Pole

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE CALL OF LOVE, Its Insistence And Duration BY PEGGY VAN BRAAM

LOVE calls, but prudence cries out "Wait!" And when you faint would answer Love, it is too late. Romance speeds swiftly on the wings of life; And she who lingers in the sweetheart days is never a wife.

"What is the proper length for an engagement?" writes a girl to me, pleading that I say definitely what she shall do, since an ardent wooer begs for an early wedding and prudent parents urge delay.

She, herself, she writes, feels that one should have a year or two before "settling down," and adds, girl-like, that she is perfectly happy as it is. To answer such a question that drags out through the years ends more often in a separation than a wedding.

Wooing time is a wonderful time to every woman, and the call of love is sweeter than any other, but with the announced engagement there is a change. It means days of high tension, a feeling of always being on one's best behavior—a time when, although together, they have no way of consolidating their interests and getting to really know and understand one another.

Lure of Freedom Caused by Nagging

Sometimes if lack of money has caused the delay, the girl's parents will nag at her or taunt him for being such "poor stuff" that he cannot earn enough to keep a wife; sometimes the delay is caused because a girl must look after her parents, and the man's relatives talk of his "being tied indefinitely" until he, himself, begins to feel the lure of freedom.

I do feel that the time to wed is when romance still flings its rosy mist over the world—when love is so great that it brooks no delay, when every foible or little habit is dear because it is his or her habit.

There is time enough for "settling down" after marriage, and time enough for prudence when you have your own home, but real love, and love that is worth while, makes either girl or man willing to risk a little poverty rather than be kept apart through the passing months.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

The stage doorkeeper adjusted a special suite for in the hotels, didn't he? Finkey-Finkey-Foo was his name. And he was good for a column every morning in any paper next to paid advertising. Say, the yarns about that said he, "I was strong on this writing, I'd sure put some of the funny stuff that I see around this playhouse on paper. There's enough goin' on around here to fill a book, or maybe two books and a half."

Has 'Em Jumping

"Here we are with Mrs. Mike O'Campbell's headline in the bill this week, and believe me, she has some hard time livin' up to her reputation; for she certainly has the busiest little army of press agents that ever got their lunch books on a job. Say, she don't know what happened yesterday or the day before in her life until she sees tomorrow's papers. They've been pulling some funny stuff, and she gets up on her hind legs and lets out a roar every once in a while and insists on havin' some fresh press agent canned, but as long as the business is doublin' the boss hasn't got the heart to throw any hard-workin' press representative out on the cold, cold world."

"You saw all of those stories about that remarkable dog that she carries around in her car and has to hire a

Reddy Smith On The Summer Season

Summer is here, Jimmie! Did you ever see anything like it? It's uh sure sign, when you see all dese gurlz—uh pritty wuns at dat—walkin' uh roun' in deir shirtrwasts, uh sum widout hats, an' all wipin' de perspiration off deir faces wid dem little fluff lace handkerchiefs. It's uh sure sign, Jimmie, I tells yu, 'sides, all dese dudes is carryin' dere noo straws in deir han' an' flickin' ur big handkerchief in de udder han'."

I noticed it dis mornin' an' deir still doin' it, so yu can bet yur las' dollar 'at—dat de summer is here!

An' baseball, golly Jimmie! yu can't hear nuthin' but baseball talk frum de time uh purson meets yu till dey leaves.

Down to de river deir all talkin' 'bout boats, launches an' sail boats an' row boats, an' de ol' fishermen ur all plannin' trips to de seashore.

I tells yur, Jimmie, summer is here!

WHEN NOAH WAS A BOY



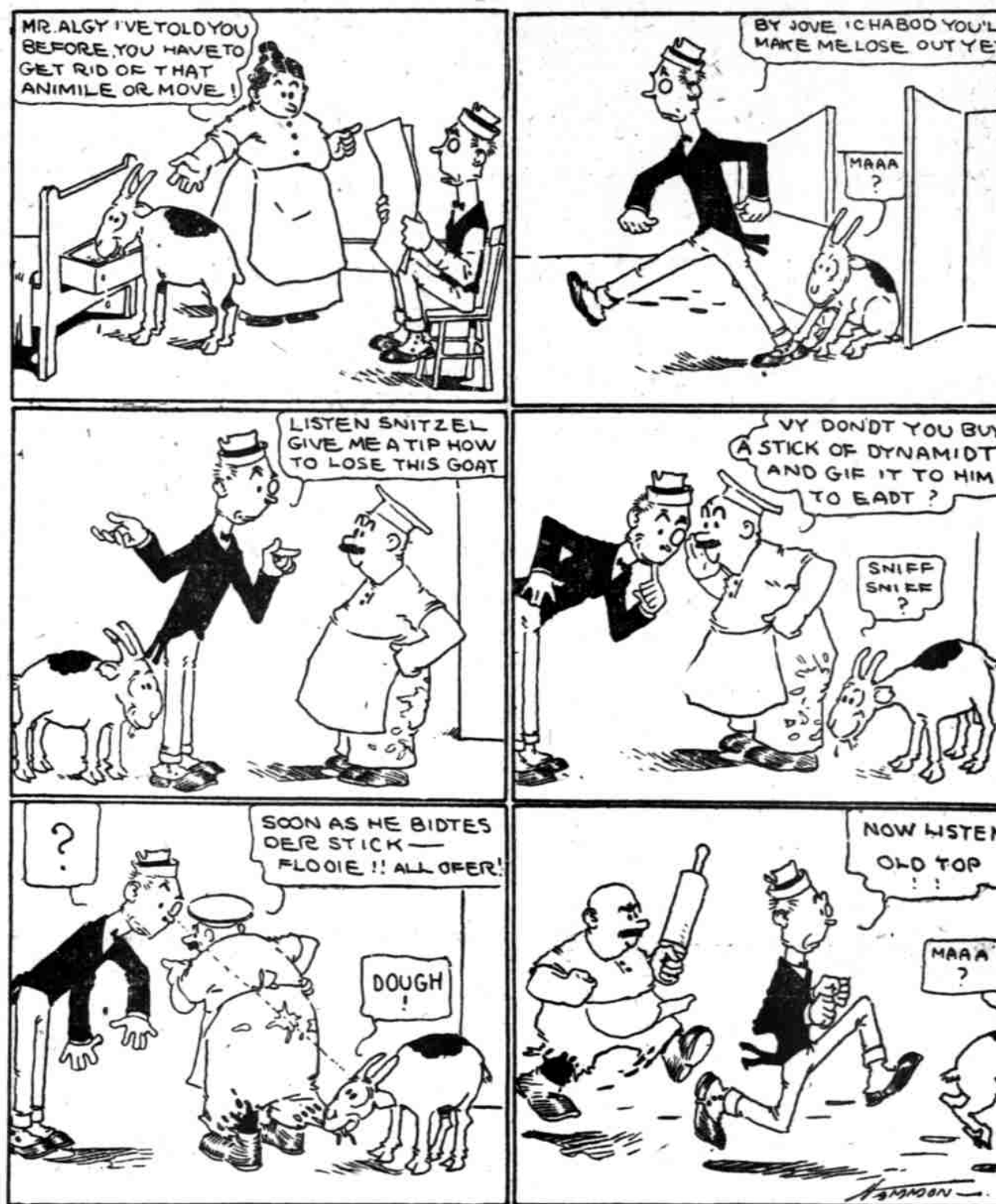
His mother used to kick about his bringing friends home to dinner in the summer. She explained that it was no joke hanging over a hot stove, 'cause the heat always made the varnish run off her face and left her a sticky mess.

ALGY By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times

ALGY

After This He's Got to Can The Goat



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Breaking-in Process



CANNIBALS have all sorts of ways that are doubtless humorous and delightful to them, of preparing the victual victim for the boiling pot. But they are always marked by a superabundance of fat-producing kindness. Apparently they want to reduce the mental energy—and consequently suffering—to a minimum so that layers and layers of adipose may accumulate succulently on the bony framework of the human delicacy they mean to devour.

The Head Hunters

But the head hunters of a department store have no such tender mercy. They want to "break in" the new business woman with every form of torture possible. They want to tear down her womanly reserve. They want to shock her into insensibility, and, eventually, into participation in their slangy and even profane manners of speech.

Yes, I am talking about girls. The girls who were salesladies and models in a certain fashionable suit store particularly inspire the tirade.

And the victim of their "breaking-in" mistreatment was a young designer who took her first business position among them.

She began by "begging pardon" when she passed in front of one of them. And "out it!" was the elegant response.

WOULD TAKE NO CHANCES

Four-year-old Elinor took dinner at her grandparents' home. There were warm biscuits on the table, and she took the last biscuit. Grandpa, wishing to tease her, said: "Elinor, give me that biscuit. I want it to tease grand-ma." Elinor's reply came in a firm tone. "Oh, tease her wit a cracker; I want this biscuit to eat."

Maybe This Is Not Amiss

Huntin' houses, Huntin' homes, Sticky blouses, Weary bones.

Climbin' to Dinky flat, Feelin' blue, Losin' fat.

"Honey, dear," "Can't afford," Never fear," "We'll board."

A Perfect Inferno

The sister who came to watch beside her bed was amazed at the queer pleas. But she knows now that the barbarity of so-called business women made a perfect inferno of the short business experience. She knows that the dainty ways were ridiculed. She knows that the pretty manners were reviled. She realizes that the refinement of the designer made her unfit for close association with some of her sex, so unfit that she had to seek a more congenial atmosphere in the carbonic cleanliness of the hospital. And she found the change and contrast restorative. A nice comment on the kindness of girls to each other!

NOTHING BUT SKIN

Little Elsie, aged 3, while walking in the garden with her nurse one evening, caught sight of the thin crescent of the new moon, hanging low in the west, and exclaimed in great excitement: "Oh look, nurse! The moon's all gone away, and there isn't anything left but just its skin!"

MAMIE TELLS BELLE If a Girl Can Make Sure Of the Wedding Presents ELOPEMENTS AREN'T SO BAD

THEY'RE great institutions, Belle—elopements. They combine romance and common sense, two desirable things that somehow or other seldom seem to be on speakin' terms, and, I think, when the right man comes along with the right proposition and gets it out of his system, I'll say, "Sure, let's elope!"

It's the only way I know o' dodgin' the fuss and feathers and the death-dealin' shower of rice and tired shoes, and Belle, they're things to be dodged. Don't think, though, that I'd rush off the blushin' groom without a word o' warning to some marryin' parson and miss the only good feature of a reglar wedding.

Oh, no, Belle; I'd make sure o' gettin' the wedding presents. Before elopin' I'd see that the newspapers informed the waitin' world that Miss Belle McGuire was goin' to be married to—was goin' to be quietly married at the home of her parents at such and such a date, and only the families of the leadin' man and lady were to be present, so nobody'd feel slighted at not getting an invitation.

No Wedding Complete Without Presents

Then I'd spend a couple o' weeks blushin' becomin'ly and admittin' it, and hire a man to see that the express wagons didn't block the street deliverin' the presents. I don't think any weddin' complete without the presents, Belle. Just think of the humiliation o' havin' to show your friends around your new home without the satisfaction o' pointin' to a glitterin' row of twen'-eight sugar bowls and an elegant assortment of two dozen bedroom slippers and sayin', "A few wedding tokens from our friends!"

After the arrival of the presents, o' course, I'd take the groom to one side and say, "Now, that we got enough sugar bowls and bedroom slippers to start housekeepin' on, why not have a nice, romantic elopement?"

O' course he'd agree—there never was a man yet that wouldn't send a substitute to his own wedding if he thought the bride wouldn't object—and we'd steal off some dark night just as if my people weren't itchin' to lay out their hard-earned money for a big circus of a wedding, with the men guests as chief clowns.

Wouldn't it be great, Belle, havin' all the story-book sensations of a real elopement and at the same time the comf'able knowledge that all those sugar bowls and bedroom slippers are ready for you when you get home?

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

"While I think of it," said Mr. Peeved, suddenly, laying down the sporting extra and frowning, "while I think of it, I want the question of where we're going this summer settled right now, so that there won't be any arguments about it in the future, as there was last summer. Petty, this year we'll go to the shore."

His Mind's Made Up

"Why, John," objected his wife, "I had my mind all made up on going to the country again. We had a delightful time last year, boating and all, and besides, the shore isn't enough of a change. The folks at the shore keep later hours than they do in the city even, and I believe the men just want to go there so they can have a good time in the cafes and watching some of those scandalous bathing suits."

"I don't care if you talk till you're black in the face," said Mr. Peeved, loudly, "we're going to the shore this year. Cafes and bathing suits indeed!"

Much I care about them. It's the sea air, the refreshing, beneficial air, straight from the open sea that I'm thinking about, Mrs. Peeved, and I believe you don't want me to go there because you like to see me in a run-down condition."

"But," fiddlesticks! Here I am losing weight every day, slavin' away for you and the kid, and when I venture to express a desire to breathe a little health giving atmosphere for two weeks, you—"

Only Clothes

"All right, John," interrupted Mrs. Peeved, "if it's as bad as all that, of course we'll go to the shore. But I'll have to have the \$300 right away."

"Three hundred—what in the name of sense are you talking about, petty?"

"Clothes, of course. Everybody knows that if you go to the shore you have to have several changes or you're considered nobody at all. Three hundred will just about cover it, including two new suits for Jackie, and as it takes some time to be fitted—"

"Do you know, petty," broke in her husband, thoughtfully, "the more I think of that country idea of yours the more attractive it becomes. I've heard sea air isn't so beneficial as it's cracked up to be, anyhow."

"Well, whichever you prefer, John," answered Mrs. Peeved, trying to speak indifferently as she repressed a desire to wink at her embroidery.

Mild Breezes For Hot Days

THOUGHT IT A FABLE

Old man Aesop had just promised his wife he'd be home early.

"You don't seem to put much dependence in his promise," remarked the friend.

"No," laughed Aesop's wife, "I thought perhaps it might be another of his fables."

Easily Explained

Farmer Corncrib—"You advertise an ocean view."

Farmer Hayrick—"Yep. Movin' picture."

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



What old General Sherman would have said about working a foot press all Saturday afternoon while a double-header was being played eight blocks away.

